

of the child desertion, and 50 per cent. of the crime in this country. The total cost of maintaining the machinery and institutions to care for this wreckage of the liquor traffic is tremendous. But it may be put down as an absolute fact that in the last analysis the workingman is carrying the burden of the taxes to keep these costly enterprises going. He is making a heavy contribution to help maintain the liquor business and its by-products, even though he may not patronize the saloon, and even though he receives no benefit from the liquor business, either directly or indirectly.

If these institutions were to be relieved of the care of those who are afflicted, because of their own or somebody else's use of liquor, the workingmen's taxes in the form of advanced prices paid for rent, groceries, meat, clothing, etc., would be greatly reduced. They would be sufficiently reduced to more than cover the amount now paid by the liquor interests in the form of revenue taxes, and local licenses, so that he would not only be independent of the liquor interests in this regard, but vast numbers of people would be spared the great suffering due to the evils resulting from the use of liquor.

Frequent reference is made to the large amount of money paid in the form of taxes by the liquor industry for the privilege of carrying on its business. If it could be said that this business resulted only in good, first to those who are engaged in it, and second to those who are the consumers of liquor the millions of dollars which the liquor industry pays might be regarded as a blessing, but the cost to society and to the State of the liquor business is very much in excess of what the liquor industry pays to the government.

It is sometimes argued that tax rates are not very much lower in dry towns than they are in wet towns. Usually, they are very much lower, but even though they were not lower, the money paid for taxes in dry towns is expended for better school facilities and other public improvements, whereas in the wet towns the money is paid largely in support of police departments and jails and in taking care of the wreckage due to the liquor business. It is a lot better—other things being equal—to spend money on schools than on jails. Furthermore, this very policy is bound to result in a better town and a higher grade of citizenship.

Let us repeat that in the last analysis the workingman pays the taxes on liquor wreckage. How long will he continue to be the "goat" of the liquor business?

CHRISTMAS COMES TWICE THIS YEAR!

By C. V. Vickrey.

Two Christmases for the American people is the treat that is being offered by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

Having enjoyed the fellowships and precious associations of our own Christmas on December 25th, we may, by means of offerings made on that day, have a vital part in the Christmas joys or celebrations of our Armenian and Syrian friends on January 19th in the land of the Christ child.

The old style calendar is still used in Asia Minor, which, with other differences in customs, brings their Christmas on January 19th of the Roman or Western calendar.

The American people are being asked for substantial thank offerings on Christmas Day, which money sent to Mr. Charles R. Crane, treasurer of the committee, at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be cabled promptly to American consuls and missionaries in the various distribution centers in Armenia, Syria and Palestine, and will

arrive in ample time for the purchase of food, clothing and necessary supplies for Christmas distribution January 19th.

There may be no cakes, candy and cookies in the stockings of the little children in Syria this year; in fact, there may be no stockings, but when a child or man is hungry there is nothing sweeter than plain bread, perhaps unleavened, and when a woman or child is shivering with cold there is no gown more coveted than a plain woolen blanket.

These things we hope to give to as many women and children as possible as a Christmas present this year, but the number that will be thus favored will be in direct proportion to the thoughtfulness and the Christian brotherliness of Christians of America as they this year gather around fireside and altar reverently to observe the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

The Christmas ship has sailed, but comparatively speaking its entire cargo of wheat, flour, rice, etc., will be but a mouthful when distributed among the hundreds of thousands of hungry people.

The committee is expecting to send another ship as soon as funds for the cargo can be secured, but in addition to these shipments of food landed at the Port of Beirut, there is urgent need of help at other larger centers inland, that cannot possibly be reached with this cargo. Tabriz and Tiflis, for instance, in point of accessibility, are farther from Beirut than San Francisco is from New York.

To reach these and other centers money is being cabled by the committee as rapidly as possible and American commissions composed of consuls and missionaries are using it for the purchase of available supplies to save the lives of the helpless refugees.

THE OLD PREACHER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

He was only seventy, but for fifty years he had worked very hard as an under shepherd for the great Master of the fold. The tired wife had just slipped away home one evening—gone out through the gates of the sunset. The children were all scattered. Of course he had not laid by any money. When the time came when nobody wanted him—the cry was for young men. At Presbytery and Synod he was introduced as one of our oldest preachers. He has worn himself out in the harness. Occasionally he was appointed on some very unimportant committees. He found himself at eventide homeless and penniless. He wrote to his son—his prosperous son in the far-off city, and the son had answered:

"Dear father:

"So glad to get your letter. I am sorry, but it would not suit to have you in our home, but I have arranged to pay your board in the old town where you had your first charge. They are nice, plain people—the Boardens—I expect you remember their grandfather. I enclose a check for \$50.00 to buy a trunk and some clothes. Write the Boardens what train you will arrive on.

With best love,

Your Son,

P. S.—I am sending you some photos of our home, my wife, my boy and myself."

The old man's eyes grew dim as he read the letter and his heart ached, but he was used to that. He looked at the wonderful pictures of the handsome, elegantly dressed business man, his stylish wife and the bright looking boy, at their charming surroundings, and he kissed them and sighed and put them on the mantel.

He bought what he needed—not what he wanted—that was not in the

stores. He packed his old books in barrels as he had done many a time before, shipped them by freight. He wrote the people when he would be there. A few—a very few people—came to bid him good-bye. Fearfully, tearfully, he took the train for the old town of his first charge. Memory was very busy with him. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the conductor touched him on the shoulder and said, "Parson, here's your town. Good luck to you." A big, red-faced, beefy man met him. "My name's Boarden. Gimme your check—I will git your trunk. The new parson's going to take you down in his gas wagon." The spry, alert, up-to-date parson grasped his hand heartily. "Glad to welcome you back to the old town. There are several people here who remember you. Going to take you to your home, but first we will take a spin around the old town.

The old town?

As they rushed through the crowded streets and by the elegant homes, the old preacher felt very Rip Van Winklish. Presently they stopped and the young man shouted in his ear. "See that." He looked in wonder and amazement at a great, big, electric sign

"The New Presbyterian Church."

"That's our new church—cost fifty thousand—all paid for—right up-to-date—kitchen, dining room, ladies' parlor, pantry, club room for boys, up-to-date library, girls' society room, etc. You must let me show it to you some day." Then as they passed an elegant manse, "That's the manse—come up and eat dinner with us any time."

So they rushed the old preacher around until he didn't know his elbow from his knee joint and landed way down in the new part of the town at a third-class second-rate boarding house. He found he had a pleasant room down stairs, and his books came and his little household goods and he piddled around and was happy. He did not go up town very much—nobody knew him, and it was a long walk and the auto did not ride as easy as he thought it ought to.

Sunday morning the young preacher sent his auto for him and took him in the pulpit and asked him to make the long prayer, and the dear old soul forgot himself and the young preacher had to touch him on the shoulder. Very much ashamed, he set back in the fine red plush chair, and it was so easy, so he went to sleep and waked up very much improved. He never went to church again. He went home with the preacher, who showed him all over the manse, and they had an elegant dinner with so much to eat and so much china ware and silver and knives and forks to choose from, that he couldn't eat a thing. And the boy next to him, in a very audible

Vapo-Cresoline

For Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

Don't fail to use Cresoline for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment. Vapo-Cresoline stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. In asthma it shortens the attack and insures comfortable repose. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresoline relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. Cresoline's best recommendation is its 27 years of successful use. Send postal for Descriptive Booklet. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS

THE VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO., 62 Cortlandt Street, New York
or Leeming-Biles Building, Montreal, Canada.

whisper said, "Mr. Old Preacher, I went to sleep, too."

The days went by "like the shadow on the wall." All the people in the boarding house passed on him. Like most deaf people, he would hear a whisper you did not want him to hear, but anything you wanted him to hear, you had to thunder it. Providentially, he had a great big open-faced fireplace and an old negro man, who kept the wood piled up and would sit and talk to him by the hour of the good old times.

Christmas Eve came and at the supper table one of the children said, "Perhaps the old man don't want to go to no Christmas tree," and he turned around, smiled sadly, and said, "I will stay at home this evening." So after supper the old darkey made a roaring fire and they talked and talked until both began to nod, and the dear old preacher said, "Tom, it's time we were both going to bed. Let us pray. You pray first, then I will." Then the old preacher started and kept on until the old darkey touched him and said, "Excuse me, Master, but it's time for us to gwine to sleep. Merry Christmas, sah."

The old man put on another back log, and the flames leaped up, and he leaned back in his easy chair, seeing visions in the fire—and behold, suddenly he was a boy in the old Virginia, and while seated on his father's knee, he heard the darkies singing soft and low. Like the echo of an angel's song he heard his mother's voice singing:

Stephenson Seminary

Charles Town, W. Va.
A Christian home school for girls. Literary course, music, art, languages, physical culture. Session opens Sept. 30, 1916. Send for catalog.

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Established in 1842.
For Young Ladies. Staunton, Va.

Term begins September 14, 1916. Located in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, handsome buildings and modern appointments. Students past session from 35 states. Courses: Collegiate (3 years); Preparatory (4 years), accepted by leading colleges. Small classes and thorough work. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Modern equipment in all departments. Send for catalogue.
Marianna P. Higgins, Principal.

LUCIA GALE-BARBER School of Rhythm and Correlated Arts

A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES
(The Original School for Rhythmic Training)
Day School—Regular city grades with the addition of Rhythmic Training, French or Spanish, and Handiwork.
Specials—Music, Expression, Fine and Applied Arts (including Interior Decoration and Sculpture), Languages, English.
Studio Classes—Health, Corrective, Artistic and Normal Training courses in Rhythmic Training, the greatest new thing in education. Scholarships for Normal course.

Boarding Department—Girls 8 to 15 years and older special students. Highest endorsement.

MRS. MARY GALE DAVIS, Ph. D., Principal
1814 Belmont Road, Washington, D. C.
Educators, physicians and others who are interested are invited to visit the school.

1776

Hampden-Sidney College

1916

"The Ideal Southern College." Thorough work. Healthful location. Christian influences. High ideals. Choice associations. Expenses moderate. 14 unit entrance requirement. Confers B. A., B. S. M. A., B. Lit. New gymnasium. Large athletic field. Tennis courts. Running track. Session begins September 13, 1916.

For catalogue address

PRESIDENT M. TUCKER GRAHAM, D. D.,
Hampden-Sidney, Va.